King ARTHUR:

OR,

The British Worthy.

ADVERTISEMENT.

FInding that several of my Friends, in Buying my Plays, &c. Bound together, have been impos'd on by the Booksellers foisting in a Play which is not mine; I have here, to prevent this for the future, set down a Catalogue of my Plays and Poems in Quarto, putting the Plays in the Order I wrote them.

John Dryden.

ESSAY on Dramatick Poetry.
Wild Gallant.
Rival Ladies.
Indian Emperor.
Maiden Queen.
Sir *Martin Mar-all.*
Tempest.
Evening Love.
Royal Martyr.
Conquest of *Granada*, in two Parts.
Marriage A-la-Mode.
Love in a Nunnery.
Amboyna.
State of Innocence.
Aurenzebe.
All for Love.
Limberham.
Oedipus.
Troilus and *Cressida.*
Spanish Fryar.
Duke of *Guise.*
Vindication of the Duke of *Guise.*
Don Sebastian.
Amphitryon.
King *Arthur.*
Annus Mirabilis, or, The Year of Wonders.
A Poem on the Return of King *Charles* II.
A Panegyrick on the Coronation of King *Charles* II.
A Poem to the Lord Chancellor *Hide.*
Absolom and *Achitophel.*
The Medal.
Religio Laici.
Elegy on the Death of King *Charles* II.
The *Hind* and *Panther.*
A Poem on the Birth of the Prince.

King ARTHUR:

OR,

The British Worthy.

A *Dramatick*

OPERA.

Perform'd at the *QUEENS* Theatre
By Their MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

——*Hic alta Theatris*
Fundamenta locant: Scenis decora alta futuris. Virg. Æneid. 1.
Purpurea intexti tollunt aulæa Britanni. Georg. 3. 10.
——*Tanton' placuit concurrere motu.* Æneid. 12.
Jupiter, æternâ Genteis in pace futuras?
Et Celebrare Domestica facta. Hor.

London, Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at the Judges-Head in *Chancery-Lane* near *Fleetstreet*. 1691.

King ARTHUR:

OR

The British Worthy.

A Dramatick

OPERA.

Perform'd at the QUEEN'S Theatre

By Their MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

To the
MARQUISS of *HALLIFAX*.

My *LORD*,

THIS Poem was the last Piece of Service, which I had the Honour to do, for my Gracious Master, King CHARLES the Second: And though he liv'd not to see the Performance of it, on the Stage; yet the PROLOGUE to it, which was the *Opera* of *Albion* and *Albanius*, was often practis'd before Him at *Whitehal*, and encourag'd by His Royal Approbation. It was indeed a Time, which was proper for Triumph, when He had overcome all those Difficulties which for some Years had perplex'd His Peaceful Reign: But when He had just restor'd His People to their Senses, and made the latter End of His Government, of a Piece with the Happy Beginning of it, He was on the suddain snatch'd away, from the Blessings and Acclamations of His Subjects, who arriv'd so late to the Knowledge of Him, that they had but just time enough to desire Him longer, before they were to part with Him for ever. Peace be with the Ashes of so Good a King! Let His Humane Frailties be forgotten; and His Clemency and Mode-

ration (the inherent Virtues of His Family) be remembred with a Grateful Veneration by Three Kingdoms, through which He ſpread the Bleſſings of them. And, as your Lordſhip held a principal Place in His Eſteem, and perhaps the firſt in His Affection, during His latter Troubles; the Succeſs which accompanied thoſe prudent Counſels, cannot but reflect an Honour on thoſe few who manag'd them; and wrought out, by their Faithfulneſs and Diligence, the Publick Safety. I might dilate on the Difficulties which attended that Undertaking, the Temper of the People, the Power, Arts and Intereſt of the contrary Party, but thoſe are all of them Invidious Topicks; they are too green in our Remembrance; and he who touches on them, *Incedit per ignes, ſuppoſitos cineri doloſo.* But without reproaching one ſide to praiſe another, I may juſtly recommend to both, thoſe wholſom Counſels, which wiſely adminiſtred, and as well executed, were the Means of preventing a Civil War, and of extinguiſhing a growing Fire which was juſt ready to have broken forth among us. So many Wives, who have yet their Husbands in their Arms; ſo many Parents, who have not the Number of their Children leſſen'd; ſo many Villages, Towns and Cities, whoſe Inhabitants are not decreas'd, their Property violated, or their Wealth diminiſh'd, are yet owing to the ſober Conduct, and happy Reſults of your Advice. If a true Account may be expected by future Ages, from the preſent, your Lordſhip will be delivered over to Poſterity, in a fairer Character than I have given: And be read, not in the Preface of a Play, (whoſe Author is not vain enough to promiſe Immortality to

others

others, or to hope it for himſelf) but in many *Pages* of a Chronicle, fill'd with *Praiſes* of your Adminiſtration. For if Writers be juſt to the Memory of King *CHARLES* the Second, they cannot deny him to have been an exact Knower of Mankind, and a perfect Diſtinguiſher of their Talents. 'Tis true, his Neceſſities often forc'd him to vary his Councellours and Councils, and ſometimes to employ ſuch *Perſons* in the Management of his Affairs, who were rather fit for his preſent purpoſe, than ſatisfactory to his Judgment: But where it was Choice in him, not Compulſion, he was Maſter of too much good Senſe to delight in heavy Converſation; and whatever his Favourites of State might be, yet thoſe of his Affection, were Men of Wit. He was eaſie with theſe; and comply'd only with the former: But in the latter part of his Life, which certainly requir'd to be moſt cautiouſly manag'd, his ſecret Thoughts were communicated but to few; and thoſe ſelected of that ſort, who were *Amici omnium Horarum*, able to adviſe him in a ſerious Conſult, where his *Honour* and Safety were concern'd; and afterwards capable of entertaining him with pleaſant Diſcourſe, as well as profitable. In this Matureſt part of his Age, when he had been long ſeaſon'd with Difficulties and Dangers, and was grown to a Niceneſs in his Choice, as being ſatisfied how few cou'd be truſted; and, of thoſe who cou'd be truſted, how few cou'd ſerve him, he confined himſelf to a ſmall Number of Boſom Friends; amongſt whom, the World is much miſtaken, if your Lordſhip was not firſt.

ration (the inherent Virtues of His Family) be remembred with a Grateful Veneration by Three Kingdoms, through which He spread the Blessings of them. And, as your Lordship held a principal *Place* in His Esteem, and perhaps the first in His Affection, during His latter Troubles; the Success which accompanied those prudent Counsels, cannot but reflect an Honour on those few who manag'd them; and wrought out, by their Faithfulness and Diligence, the *Publick* Safety. I might dilate on the Difficulties which attended that Undertaking, the Temper of the *People*, the *Power*, Arts and Interest of the contrary *Party*, but those are all of them Invidious Topicks; they are too green in our Remembrance; and he who touches on them, *Incedit per ignes, suppositos cineri doloso.* But without reproaching one side to praise another, I may justly recommend to both, those wholsom Counsels, which wisely administred, and as well executed, were the Means of preventing a Civil War, and of extinguishing a growing Fire which was just ready to have broken forth among us. So many Wives, who have yet their Husbands in their Arms; so many *Parents*, who have not the Number of their Children lessen'd; so many Villages, Towns and Cities, whose Inhabitants are not decreas'd, their *Property* violated, or their Wealth diminish'd, are yet owing to the sober Conduct, and happy Results of your Advice. If a true Account may be expected by future Ages, from the present, your Lordship will be delivered over to *Posterity*, in a fairer Character than I have given: And be read, not in the *Preface* of a *Play*, (whose Author is not vain enough to promise Immortality to

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If the Rewards which you receiv'd for those Services, were only *Honours*, it rather shew'd the Necessities of the Times, than any want of Kindness in your Royal Master: And as the Splendour of your Fortune stood not in need of being supported by the Crown, so likewise in being satisfied without other Recompence, you shew'd your self to be above a Mercenary Interest; and strengthen'd that Power, which bestowed those Titles on you: Which truly speaking, were Marks of Acknowledgment more than Favour.

But, as a Skilful Pilot will not be tempted out to Sea, in suspected Weather, so have you wisely chosen to withdraw your self from publick Business, when the Face of *Heaven* grew troubled; and the frequent

extinguishing a growing Fire which was just ready to have broken forth among us. So many Wives, who have yet their Husbands in their Arms; so many *Parents*, who have not the Number of their Children lessen'd; so many Villages, Towns and Cities, whose Inhabitants are not decreas'd, their *Property* violated, or their Wealth diminish'd, are yet owing to the sober Conduct, and happy Results of your Advice. If a true Account may be expected by future Ages, from the present, your Lordship will be delivered over to *Posterity*, in a fairer Character than I have given: And be read, not in the *Preface* of a *Play*, (whose Author is not vain enough to promise Immortality to others

Wise Man may justly reserve to his own peculiar use, and that without defrauding his Native Coutry. A Roman Soldier was allow'd to plead the Merit of his Services for his dismission at such an Age; and there was but one Exception to that Rule, which was, an Invasion from the *Gauls*. How far that, may work with your Lordship, I am not certain; but I hope it is not coming to the Trial.

In the mean time, while the Nation is secur'd from Foreign Attempts, by so powerful a Fleet, and we enjoy not only the Happiness, but even the Ornaments of Peace, in the Divertisement of the Town, I humbly offer you this Trifle, which if it succeed upon the Stage, is like to be the chiefest Entertainment of our Ladies and Gentlemen this Summer. When I wrote

to few; and those selected [illegible]

Amici omnium Horarum, able to advise him in a serious Consult, where his Honour and Safety were concern'd; and afterwards capable of entertaining him with pleasant Discourse, as well as profitable. In this Maturest part of his Age, when he had been long season'd with Difficulties and Dangers, and was grown to a Niceness in his Choice, as being satisfied how few cou'd be trusted; and, of those who cou'd be trusted, how few cou'd serve him, he confined himself to a small Number of Bosom Friends; amongst whom, the World is much mistaken, if your Lordship was not first.

If the Rewards which you receiv'd for those Services, were only *Honours*, it rather shew'd the Necessities of the Times, than any want of Kindness in your Royal Master: And as the Splendour of your Fortune stood not in need of being supported by the Crown, so likewise in being satisfied without other Recompence, you show'd your self to be above a Mercenary Interest; and strengthen'd that Power, which bestowed those Titles on you: Which truly speaking, were Marks of Acknowledgment more than Favour.

But, as a Skilful Pilot will not be tempted out to Sea, in suspected Weather, so have you wisely chosen to withdraw your self from publick Business, when the Face of *Heaven* grew troubled; and the frequent shifting of the Winds foreshew'd a Storm: There are Times and Seasons when the best Patriots are willing to withdraw their *Hands* from the Commonwealth; as *Phocion* in his latter Days was observ'd to decline the Management of Affairs: Or, as *Cicero*, (to draw the Similitude more home) left the Pulpit, for *Tusculum*; and the praise of Oratory, for the sweet Enjoyments of a private Life. And, in the Happiness of those Retirements, has more oblig'd Posterity by his *Moral Precepts*, than he did the Republick, in quelling the Conspiracy of *Catiline*. What prudent Man, wou'd not rather follow the Example of his Retreat, than stay like *Cato*, with a stubborn unseasonable Virtue, to oppose the Torrent of the People, and at last be driven from the Market-place by a Riot of a Multitude, uncapable of Counsel, and deaf to Eloquence? There is likewise a Portion of our Lives, which every

Wiſe Man may juſtly reſerve to his own peculiar uſe, and that without defrauding his Native Coutry. A Roman Soldier was allow'd to plead the Merit of his Services for his diſmiſſion at ſuch an Age; and there was but one Exception to that Rule, which was, an Invaſion from the *Gauls*. How far that, may work with your Lordſhip, I am not certain; but I hope it is not coming to the Trial.

In the mean time, while the Nation is ſecur'd from Foreign Attempts, by ſo powerful a Fleet, and we enjoy not only the Happineſs, but even the Ornaments of Peace, in the Divertiſement of the Town, I humbly offer you this Trifle, which if it ſucceed upon the Stage, is like to be the chiefeſt Entertainment of our Ladies and Gentlemen this Summer. When I wrote it, ſeven Years ago, I employ'd ſome reading about it, to inform my ſelf out of *Beda*, *Bochartus*, and other Authors, concerning the Rites and Cuſtoms of the Heathen Saxons; as I alſo us'd the little Skill I have in Poetry to adorn it. But not to offend the preſent Times, nor a Government which has hitherto protected me, I have been oblig'd ſo much to alter the firſt Deſign, and take away ſo many Beauties from the Writing, that it is now no more what it was formerly, than the preſent Ship of the *Royal Sovereign*, after ſo often taking down, and altering, to the Veſſel it was at the firſt Building. There is nothing better, than what I intended, but the Muſick; which has ſince arriv'd to a greater Perfection in *England*, than ever formerly: eſpecially paſſing through the Artful *Hands* of Mr. *Purcel*, who has

Com-

Compos'd it with ſo great a Genius, that he has nothing to fear but an ignorant, ill-judging Audience. But the Numbers of Poetry and Vocal Muſick, are ſometimes ſo contrary, that in many places I have been oblig'd to cramp my Verſes, and make them rugged to the Reader, that they may be harmonious to the *Hearer*: Of which I have no Reaſon to repent me, becauſe theſe ſorts of Entertainment are principally deſign'd for the Ear and Eye; and therefore in Reaſon my Art on this occaſion, ought to be ſubſervient to his. And beſides, I flatter my ſelf with an Imagination that a Judicious Audience will eaſily diſtinguiſh betwixt the Songs, wherein *I* have comply'd with him, and thoſe in which *I* have followed the Rules of Poetry, in the Sound and Cadence of the Words. Notwithſtanding all theſe Diſadvantages, there is ſomewhat ſtill remaining of the firſt Spirit with which *I* wrote it: And, though *I* can only ſpeak by gheſs, of what pleas'd my firſt and beſt Patroneſs the Dutcheſs of *Monmouth* in the reading, yet *I* will venture my Opinion, by the knowledge *I* have long had of her Graces Excellent Judgment, and true taſte of Poetry, that the parts of the Airy and Earthy Spirits, and that Fairy kind of writing, which depends only upon the Force of Imagination, were the Grounds of her liking the Poem, and afterwards of her Recommending it to the Queen. *I* have likewiſe had the ſatisfaction to hear, that *Her* Majeſty has Graciouſly been pleas'd to peruſe the Manuſcript of this *Opera*, and given it *Her* Royal Approbation. Poets, who ſubſiſt not but on the Favour of Sovereign Princes, and of great Perſons, may

may have leave to be a little vain, and boast of their Patronage, who encourage the Genius that animates them. And therefore *I* will again presume to ghess, that *Her* Majesty was not displeas'd to find in this Poem the Praises of *Her* Native Country; and the Heroick Actions of so famous a Predecessor in the Government of *Great Britain*, as King *Arthur*.

All this, My Lord, *I* must confess, looks with a kind of Insinuation, that *I* present you with somewhat not unworthy your Protection: But *I* may easily mistake the Favour of *Her* Majesty for *Her* Judgment: *I think I* cannot be deceiv'd in thus addressing to your Lordship, whom *I* have had the *Honour* to know, at that distance which becomes me, for so many Years. 'Tis true, that formerly *I* have shadow'd some part of your Virtues, under another Name; but the Character, though short and imperfect, was so true, that it broke through the Fable, and was discover'd by its Native Light. What *I* pretend by this Dedication, is an *Honour* which *I* do my self to Posterity, by acquainting them that *I* have been conversant with the first Persons of the Age in which *I* liv'd; and thereby perpetuate my *Prose*, when my Verses may possibly be forgotten, or obscur'd by the Fame of Future *Poets*. Which Ambition, amongst my other Faults and Imperfections, be pleased to pardon, in

My LORD,

Your Lordships most Obedient Servant,

John Dryden.

Dramatis Personæ.

King *Arthur*. ——————— Mr. *Betterton*.
Oswald, King of *Kent*, a Saxon and a Heathen. ——— Mr. *Williams*.
Conon, Duke of *Corwal*, Tributary to King *Arthur*. ——— Mr. *Hodgson*.
Merlin, a famous Inchanter. ——— Mr. *Kynaston*.
Osmond, a Saxon Magician, and a Heathen. ——— Mr. *Sandford*.
Aurelius, Friend to *Arthur*. ——— Mr. *Alexander*.
Albanact, Captain of *Arthur*'s Guards. — Mr. *Bowen*.
Guillamar, Friend to *Oswald*. ——— Mr. *Harris*.

WOMEN.

Emmeline, Daughter of *Conon*. ——— Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Matilda, her Attendant. ——— Mrs. *Richardson*.

Philidel, an Airy Spirit. ——— Mrs. *Butler*.
Grimbald, an Earthy Spirit. ——— Mr. *Bowman*.

28 MR 59

Officers and Soldiers, Singers and Dancers, *&c.*

Scene in *KENT*.

King ARTHUR:

OR,

The Britiſh Worthy.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Conon, Aurelius, Albanact.

Con. THen this is the deciding Day, to fix
Great Britain's Scepter in great *Arthur*'s Hand.
Aur. Or put it in the bold Invaders gripe.
Arthur and *Oſwald*, and their different Fates,
Are weighing now within the Scales of Heaven.
Con. In Ten ſet Battles have we driven back
Theſe Heathen Saxons, and regain'd our Earth.
As Earth recovers from an Ebbing Tide,
Her half-drown'd Face, and lifts it o'er the Waves.
From *Severn*'s Banks, even to this *Barren-Down*,
Our foremoſt Men have preſt their fainty Rear,
And not one Saxon Face has been beheld;
But all their Backs, and Shoulders have been ſtuck
With foul diſhoneſt Wounds: Now here, indeed,
Becauſe they have no further Ground, they ſtand.
Aur. Well have we choſe a Happy day for Fight;
For every Man, in courſe of time, has found
Some days are lucky, ſome unfortunate.

Alb. But why this day more lucky than the reſt?

Con. Becauſe this day
Is Sacred to the Patron of our Iſle;
A Chriſtian, and a Souldiers Annual Feaſt. (*docia's* Day.

Alb. Oh, now I underſtand you, This is St. *George* of *Cappa-*
Well, It may be ſo, but Faith I was Ignorant; we Soldiers
Seldom examine the Rubrick; and now and then a Saint may
Happen to ſlip by us; But if he be a Gentleman Saint, he will
Forgive us.

Con. Oſwald, undoubtedly will Fight it bravely.

Aur. And it behoves him well, 'tis his laſt Stake. [*To Alb.*
But what manner of Man is this *Oſwald*? Have ye ever ſeen him?

Al. Ne'er but once; & that was to my Coſt too; I follow'd him
And to ſay Truth, ſomwhat Uncivilly, upon a Rout; (too cloſe,
But he turn'd upon me, as quick and as round, as a chaſt'd Boar;
And gave me two Licks acroſs the Face, to put me
In mind of my Chriſtianity.

Con. I know him well; he's free and open Hearted.

Aur. His Countries Character: That Speaks a German.

Con. Revengeful, rugged, violently brave; and once reſolv'd is never to be mov'd.

Alb. Yes, he's a valiant Dog, Pox on him.

Con. This was the Character he then maintain'd,
When in my Court, he ſought my Daughters Love:
My Fair, Blind, *Emmeline*. (*wall:*

Alb. I cannot blame him for Courting the Heireſs of *Corn-*
All Heireſſes are Beautiful; and as Blind as ſhe is, he would have
No Blind Bargain of her. (had

Aur. For that Defeat in Love, he rais'd this War.
For Royal *Arthur* Reign'd within her Heart,
Ere *Oſwald* mov'd his Sute.

Con. Ay, now *Aurelius*, you have Nam'd a Man;
One, whom beſides the Homage that I owe,
As *Cornwall's* Duke, to his Imperial Crown,
I wou'd have choſen out, from all Mankind,
To be my Soveraign Lord.

Aur. His Worth divides him from the crowd of Kings;
So Born, without Deſert to be ſo Born;
Men, ſet aloft, to be the Scourge of Heaven;
And with long Arms, to laſh the Under-World.

Con.

Con. *Arthur* is all that's Excellent in *Oswald*;
And void of all his Faults: In Battle brave;
But still Serene in all the Stormy War,
Like Heaven above the Clouds; and after Fight,
As Merciful and Kind, to vanquisht Foes,
As a Forgiving God; but see, he's here,
And Praise is Dumb before him.

Enter King Arthur, *Reading a Letter, with Attendants.*

Arthur } Go on, Auspicious Prince, the Stars are kind:
Reading. } Unfold thy Banners to the willing Wind;
While I, with Aiery Legions, help thy Arms;
Confronting Art with Art, and Charms with Charms.
So *Merlin* writes; nor can we doubt th' event, [*To* Con.
With Heav'n and you to Friends; Oh Noble *Conon*,
You taught my tender Hands the Trade of War;
And now again you Helm your hoary Head,
And under double weight of Age and Arms,
Assert your Countries Freedom, and my Crown.
Con. No more, my Son.
Arth. Most happy in that Name!
Your *Emmeline*, to *Oswald*'s Vows refus'd,
You made my plighted Bride:
Your Charming Daughter, who like Love, Born Blind,
Un-aiming hits, with surest Archery,
And Innocently kills.
Con. Remember, Son,
You are a General, other Wars require you.
For see the *Saxon* Gross begins to move.
Arth. Their Infantry Embattel'd, square and close,
March firmly on, to fill the middle space:
Cover'd by their advancing Cavalry.
By Heav'n, 'tis Beauteous Horrour:
The Noble *Oswald* has provok'd my Envy.

Enter Emmeline, *led by* Matilda.

Ha! Now my Beauteous *Emmeline* appears
Anew, but Oh, a softer Flame, inspires me:

Even Rage and Vengeance, ſlumber at her ſight.

Con. Haſte your Farewel; I'll chear my Troops, and wait ye.
[*Exit* Conon.

Em. Oh Father, Father, I am ſure you're here;
Becauſe I ſee your Voice.

Arth. No, thou miſtak'ſt thy hearing for thy ſight;
He's gone, my *Emmeline*;
And I but ſtay to gaze on thoſe fair Eyes,
Which cannot view the Conqueſt they have made.
Oh Star-like Night, dark only to thy ſelf,
But full of Glory, as thoſe Lamps of Heav'n
That ſee not, when they ſhine.

Em. What is this Heav'n, and Stars, and Night, and Day,
To which you thus compare my Eyes and me?
I underſtand you, when you ſay you love:
For, when my Father claſps my Hand in his,
That's cold, and I can feel it hard and wrinkl'd;
But when you graſp it, then I ſigh and pant,
And ſomething ſmarts, and tickles at my Heart.

Arth. Oh Artleſs Love! where the Soul moves the Tongue,
And only Nature ſpeaks what Nature thinks!
Had ſhe but Eyes!

Em. Juſt now you ſaid I had:
I ſee 'em, I have two.

Arth. But neither ſee.

Em. I'm ſure they hear you then:
What can your Eyes do more?

Arth. They view your Beauties.

Em. Do not I ſee? You have a Face, like mine,
Two Hands, and two round, pretty, riſing *Breaſts*,
That heave like mine.

Arth. But you deſcribe a Woman.
Nor is it ſight, but touching with your Hands.

Em. Then 'tis my Hand that ſees, and that's all one:
For is not ſeeing, touching with your Eyes?

Arth. No, for I ſee at diſtance, where I touch not.

Em. If you can ſee ſo far, and yet not touch,
I fear you ſee my Naked Legs and Feet
Quite through my Cloaths; pray do not ſee ſo well.

Arth. Fear not, ſweet Innocence;

I view the lovely Features of your Face;
Your Lips Carnation, your dark ſhaded Eye-brows,
Black Eyes, And Snow white Forehead; all the Colours
That make your Beauty, and produce my Love.

Em. Nay, then, you do not love on equal terms:
I love you dearly, without all theſe helps:
I cannot ſee your Lips Carnation,
Your ſhaded Eye-brows, nor your Milk-white Eyes.

Arth. You ſtill miſtake.

Em. Indeed I thought you had a Noſe and Eyes,
And ſuch a Face as mine; have not Men Faces?

Arth. Oh, none like yours, ſo excellently fair.

Em. Then wou'd I had no Face; for I wou'd be
Juſt ſuch a one as you.

Arth. Alas, 'tis vain to inſtruct your Innocence,
You have no Notion of Light or Colours.

Emmel. Why, is not that a Trumpet? *(Trumpet ſound within.*

Arth. Yes.

Em. I knew it.
And I can tell you how the ſound on't looks:
It looks as if it had an angry fighting Face.

Arth. 'Tis now indeed a ſharp unpleaſant ſound,
Becauſe it calls me hence, from her I love,
To meet Ten thouſand Foes.

Em. How does ſo many Men ee'r come to meet?
This Devil Trumpet vexes 'em, and then
They feel about, for one anothers Faces;
And ſo they meet, and kill.

Arth. I'll tell ye all, when we have gain'd the Field;
One kiſs of your fair Hand, the pledge of Conqueſt,
And ſo a ſhort farewel. *Kiſſes her Hand, and* Exit *with* Aurel. Alb. *and Attendants.*

Em. My Heart, and Vows, go with him to the Fight:
May every Foe, be that, which they call blind,
And none of all their Swords have Eyes to find him.
But lead me nearer to the Trumpet's Face;
For that brave Sound upholds my fainting Heart;
And while I hear, methinks I fight my part.

Exit, led by M[illegible]

Enter Oſwald *and* Oſmond.

The Scene repreſents a place of Heathen worſhip; The three Saxon Gods, Woden, Thor, *and* Freya *placed on Pedeſtals. An Altar.*

Oſmo. 'Tis time to haſten our myſterious Rites;
Becauſe your Army waits you.

Oſwald *making three Bows before the three Images.*

Oſwa. Thor, Freya, Woden, all ye Saxon Powers,
Hear and revenge my Father *Hengiſt*'s death.

Oſmo. Father of Gods and Men, great *Woden*, hear.
Mount thy hot Courſer, drive amidſt thy Foes;
Liſt high thy thund'ring Arm, let every blow
Daſh out a miſ-believing Briton's Brains.

Oſwa. Father of Gods and Men, great *Woden* hear;
Give Conqueſt to thy Saxon Race, and me.

Oſmo. Thor, Freya, Woden, hear, and ſpell your Saxons,
With Sacred Runick Rhimes, from Death in Battle.
Edge their bright Swords, and blunt the Britons Darts.
No more, Great Prince, for ſee my truſty Fiend,
Who all the Night has wing'd the dusky Air:

Grimbald, *a fierce earthy Spirit ariſes.*

What news, my *Grimbald?*

Grim. I have plaid my part;
For I have Steel'd the Fools that are to dye;
Six Fools, ſo prodigal of Life and Soul,
That, for their Country, they devote their Lives
A Sacrifice to Mother Earth, and *Woden.*

Oſmo. 'Tis well; But are we ſure of Victory?

Grim. Why ask'ſt thou me?
Inſpect their Intrails, draw from thence thy Gueſs:
Bloud we muſt have, without it we are dumb.

Oſmo. Say, Where's thy fellow-ſervant, *Philidel?*
Why comes not he?

Grim. For, he's a puleing Sprite.
Why didſt thou chuſe a tender airy Form,
Unequal to the mighty work of Miſchief;
His Make is flitting, ſoft, and yielding Atomes:
He trembles at the yawning gulph of Hell,
Nor dares approach the Flame, leſt he ſhou'd ſinge
His gaudy ſilken Wings.

He

He ſighs when he ſhould plunge a Soul in Sulphur,
As with Compaſſion, touch'd of fooliſh man.
Oſm. What a half Devil's he?
His Errand was, to draw the Low-land damps,
And Noiſom vapours, from the ſoggy Fens:
Then, breath the baleful ſtench, with all his force,
Full on the faces of our Chriſtned Foes.
Grim. Accordingly he drein'd thoſe Marſhy-grounds;
And bagg'd 'em in a blue peſtiferous Cloud;
Which when he ſhou'd have blown, the frighted Elf
Eſpy'd the Red Croſs Banners of their Hoſt;
And ſaid he durſt not add to his damnation.
Oſm. I'le puniſh him at leiſure;
Call in the Victims to propitiate Hell.
Grim. That's my kind Maſter, I ſhall break faſt on 'em.

Grimbald *goes to the Door, and Re-enters with 6 Saxons in White, with Swords in their hands. They range themſelves 3 and 3 in oppoſition to each other.*

The reſt of the Stage is fill'd with Prieſts and Singers.

WOden, *firſt to thee,*
A Milk white Steed, in Battle won,
We have Sacrific'd.
Chor. *We have Sacrific'd.*
Verſ. *Let our next Oblation be,*
To Thor, *thy thundring Son,*
Of ſuch another.
Chor. *We have Sacrific'd.*

Verſ. *A third; (of* Friezeland *breed was he,)*
To Woden's *Wife, and to* Thor's *Mother:*
And now we have atton'd all three.
We have Sacrific'd.
Chor. *We have Sacrific'd.*

The

2 Voc. *The White Horse Neigh'd aloud.*
To VVoden *thanks we render.*
To VVoden, *we have vow'd.*
Chor. *To* VVoden, *our Defender.*
} The four last Lines in CHORUS.

Vers. *The Lot is Cast, and* Tanfan *pleas'd:*
Chor. *Of Mortal Cares you shall be eas'd,*
Brave Souls to be renown'd in Story.
Honour prizing,
Death despising,
Fame acquiring
By Expiring;
Dye, and reap the fruit of Glory.
Brave Souls to be renown'd in Story.

Vers. 2. *I call ye all,*
To VVoden's *Hall;*
Your Temples round
With Ivy bound,
In Goblets Crown'd,
And plenteous Bowls of burnish'd Gold;
Where you shall Laugh,
And dance and quaff,
The Juice, that makes the Britons bold.

The six Saxons are led off by the Priests, in Order to be Sacrific'd.

Osm. Ambitious Fools we are,
And yet Ambition is a Godlike Fault:
Or rather, 'tis no Fault in Souls Born great,
Who dare extend their Glory by their Deeds.
Now *Britany* prepare to change thy State,
And from this Day begin thy Saxon date.

A Battle ſuppoſed to be given behind the Scenes, with Drums, Trumpets, and Military Shouts and Excurſions: After which, the *Britons*, expreſſing their Joy for the Victory, ſing this Song of Triumph.

COme if you dare, our Trumpets ſound;
Come if you dare, the Foes rebound:
We come, we come, we come, we come,
Says the double, double, double Beat of the Thun-
(dring Drum.

Now they charge on amain,
Now they rally again:
The Gods from above the Mad Labour behold,
And pity Mankind that will periſh for Gold.

The Fainting Saxons *quit their Ground,*
Their Trumpets Languiſh in the Sound;
They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly;
Victoria, Victoria, *the Bold* Britons *cry.*

Now the Victory's won,
To the Plunder we run:
We return to our Laſſes like Fortunate Traders,
Triumphant with Spoils of the Vanquiſh'd Invaders.

ACT II.

Enter Philidel.

Phil. Alas, for pity, of this bloody Field!
Piteous it needs muſt be, when I, a Spirit,
Can have ſo ſoft a ſenſe of Humane Woes!
Ah! for ſo many Souls, as but this Morn'
Were cloath'd with Fleſh, and warm'd with Vital Blood,
But naked now, or ſhirted but with Air.

[Merlin, *with Spirits, deſcends to* Philidel, *on a Chariot drawn by Dragons.*

Mer. What art thou, Spirit, of what Name and Order?
(For I have view'd thee in my Magick Glaſs,)
Making thy moan, among the Midnight Wolves,
That Bay the ſilent Moon: Speak, I Conjure thee.
'Tis *Merlin* bids thee, at whoſe awful Wand,
The pale Ghoſt quivers, and the grim Fiend gaſps.

Phil. An Airy Shape, the tender'ſt of my kind,
The laſt ſeduc'd, and leaſt deform'd of Hell;
Half white, and ſhuffl'd in the Crowd, I fell;
Deſirous to repent, and loth to ſin,
Awkward in Miſchief, piteous of Mankind,
My Name is *Philidel*, my Lot in Air,
Where next beneath the Moon, and neareſt Heav'n,
I ſoar; and have a Glimpſe to be receiv'd,
For which the ſwarthy *Damons* envy me.

Mer. Thy Buſineſs here?

Phil. To ſhun the Saxon Wizards dire Commands,
Oſmond, the awful'ſt Name next thine below,
'Cauſe I refus'd to hurl a Noyſom Fog
On Chriſten'd Heads, the Hue and Cry of Hell
Is rais'd againſt me, for a Fugitive Spright.

Mer. *Oſmond* ſhall know, a greater Power protects thee;

But

But follow thou the Whiſpers of thy Soul,
That draw thee nearer Heav'n.
And, as thy place is neareſt to the Sky,
The Rays will reach thee firſt, and bleach thy Soot.
Phil. In hope of that, I ſpread my Azure Wings,
And wiſhing ſtill, for yet I dare not pray,
I bask in Day-light, and behold with Joy
My Scum work outward, and my Ruſt wear off.
Mer. Why, 'tis my hopeful Devil; now mark me, *Philidel*,
I will employ thee, for thy future Good:
Thou know'ſt, in ſpite of Valiant *Oſwald*'s Arms,
Or *Oſmond*'s Powerful Spells, the Field is ours. ——
Phil. Oh Maſter! haſten
Thy Dread Commands; for *Grimbald* is at Hand;
Oſmond's fierce Fiend, I ſnuff his Earthy Scent:
The Conquering *Britons*, he miſleads to Rivers,
Or dreadful Downfalls of unheeded Rocks;
Where many fall, that ne'er ſhall riſe again.
Mer. Be that thy care, to ſtand by falls of Brooks,
And trembling Bogs, that bear a Green-Sword ſhow.
Warn off the bold Purſuers from the Chace:
No more, they come, and we divide the Taſk.
But leſt fierce *Grimbald*'s pond'rous Bulk oppreſs
Thy tender flitting Air, I'll leave my Band
Of Spirits with United Strength to Aid thee,
And Force with Force repel.

Exit Merlin *on his Chariot.*
Merlin's *Spirits ſtay with*
Philidel.

Enter Grimbald *in the Habit of a Shepherd, follow'd by King* Arthur, Conon, *Aarelius*, Albanact *and Soldiers, who wander at a diſtance in the Scenes.*

Grim. Here, this way, *Britons*, follow *Oſwald*'s flight;
This Evening as I whiſtl'd out my Dog,
To drive my ſtraggling Flock, and pitch'd my Fold,
I ſaw him dropping Sweat, o'er labour'd, ſtiff,
Make faintly as he could, to yonder Dell.
Tread in my Steps; long Neighbourhood by Day

Has made these Fields familiar in the Night.
Arth. I thank thee, Shepherd;
Expect Reward, lead on, we follow thee.

Phil. sings. *Hither this way, this way bend,*
Trust not that Malicious Fiend:
Those are false deluding Lights,
Wafted far and near by Sprights.
Trust 'em not, for they'll deceive ye;
And in Bogs and Marshes leave ye.

Chor. of Phil. Spirits. *Hither this way, this way bend.*

Chor. of Grimb. Spirits. *This way, this way bend.*

Phil. sings. *If you step, no Danger thinking,*
Down you fall, a Furlong sinking:
'Tis a Fiend who has annoy'd ye;
Name but Heav'n, and he'll avoid ye.

Chor. of Phil. Spirits. *Hither this way, this way bend.*

Chor. of Grimb. Spirits. *This way, this way bend.*

Philidels Spirits. *Trust not that Malicious Fiend.*

Grimbald's Spirits. *Trust me, I am no Malicious Fiend.*

Philidels Spirits. *Hither this way,* &c.

Con. Some wicked Phantom, Foe to Human kind,
Misguides our Steps.
Alba. I'll follow him no farther.
Grimbald speaks. By Hell she sings 'em back, in my despight.
I had a Voice in Heav'n, ere Sulph'rous Steams
Had damp'd it to a hoarseness; but I'll try.

He

He ſings. *Let not a Moon-born Elf miſlead ye,*
From your Prey, and from your Glory.
Too far, Alas, he has betray'd ye:
Follow the Flames, that wave before ye:
Sometimes ſev'n, and ſometimes one;
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry on.

2.

See, ſee, the Footſteps plain appearing,
That way Oſwald *choſe for flying:*
Firm is the Turff, and fit for bearing,
Where yonder Pearly Dews are lying.
Far he cannot hence be gone;
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry on.

Aur. 'Tis true, he ſays; the Footſteps yet are freſh
Upon the Sod, no falling Dew-Drops have
Diſturb'd the Print. [*All are going to follow* Grimbald.

Philidel ſings. *Hither this way.*

Chor. of Phil. Spirits. *Hither this way, this way bend.*

Chor. of Grimb. Spirits. *This way, this way bend.*

Philidels Spirits. *Truſt not that Malicious Fiend.*

Grimb. Spirits. *Truſt me, I am no Malicious Fiend.*

Philidels Spirits. *Hither this way,* &c.

They all incline to Philidel.

Grimb.

Grim. speaks. Curse on her Voice, I must my Prey forego;
Thou, *Philidel*, shalt answer this, below.
[Grimbald *sinks with a Flash.*

Arth. At last the Cheat is plain;
The Cloven-footed Fiend is Vanish'd from us;
Good Angels be our Guides, and bring us back.

Phil. singing. *Come follow, follow, follow me.*

Chor. *Come follow*, &c.

And me. And me. And me. And me.

Vers. 2 Voc. *And Green-Sword all your way shall be.*

Chor. *Come follow*, &c.

Vers. *No* Goblin *or* Elf *shall dare to offend ye.*

Chor. *No, no, no*, &c.
No Goblin *or* Elf *shall dare to offend ye.*

Vers. 3 Voc. *We Brethren of Air,*
You Hero's *will bear,*
To the Kind and the Fair that attend ye.

Chor. *We Brethren*, &c.

Philidel *and the Spirits go off singing, with* King Arthur *and the rest in the middle of them.*

Enter Emmeline *led by* Matilda. *Pavilion Scene.*

Em. No News of my Dear Love, or of my Father?
Mat. None, Madam, since the gaining of the Battel;
Great *Arthur* is a Royal Conqueror now,
And well deserves your Love.
Em. But now I fear
He'll be too great, to love poor silly me.

If

If he be dead, or never come agen,
I mean to die: But there's a greater doubt,
Since I ne'er saw him here,
How shall I meet him in another World?
Mat. I have heard something, how two Bodies meet,
But how Souls joyn, I know not.
Em. I shou'd find him,
For surely I have seen him in my Sleep,
And then, methought, he put his Mouth to mine,
And eat a thousand Kisses on my Lips;
Sure by his Kissing I cou'd find him out
Among a thousand Angels in the Sky.
Mat. But what a kind of Man do you suppose him?
Em. He must be made of the most precious things:
And I believe his Mouth, and Eyes, and Cheeks,
And Nose, and all his Face, are made of Gold.
Mat. Heav'n bless us, Madam, what a Face you make him.
If it be yellow, he must have the Jaundies,
And that's a bad Disease.
Em. Why then do Lovers give a thing so bad
As Gold, to Women, whom so well they love?
Mat. Because that bad thing, Gold, buys all good things.
Em. Yet I must know him better: Of all Colours,
Tell me which is the purest, and the softest.
Mat. They say 'tis Black.
Em. Why then, since Gold is hard, and yet is precious,
His Face must all be made of soft, black Gold.
Mat. But, Madam ———
Em. No more; I have learn'd enough for once.
Mat. Here are a Crew of Kentish Lads and Lasses
Wou'd entertain ye, till your Lord's return,
With Songs and Dances, to divert your Cares.
Em. O bring 'em in,
For tho' I cannot see the Songs, I love 'em;
And Love, they tell me, is a Dance of Hearts.

Enter

Enter Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

1 Shepherd sings.
How blest are Shepherds, how happy their Lasses,
While Drums & Trumpets are sounding Alarms!
Over our Lowly Sheds all the Storm passes;
And when we die, 'tis in each others Arms.
All the Day on our Herds, and Flocks employing;
All the Night on our Flutes, and in enjoying.
Chor. *All the Day,* &c.

2.

Bright Nymphs of Britain, *with Graces attended,*
Let not your Days without Pleasure expire,
Honours but empty, and when Youth is ended,
All Men will praise you, but none will desire.
Let not Youth fly away without Contenting;
Age will come time enough, for your Repenting.
Chor. *Let not Youth,* &c.

Here the Men offer their Flutes to the Women, which they refuse.

2 Shepherdess.
Shepherd, Shepherd, leave Decoying,
Pipes are sweet, a Summers Day;
But a little after Toying,
Women have the Shot to Pay.

2.

Here are Marriage-Vows for signing,
Set their Marks that cannot write:
After that, without Repining,
Play and Welcom, Day and Night.

Here the Women give the Men Contracts, which they accept.

Chor.

Chor. of all. *Come, Shepherds, lead up, a lively Measure;*
The Cares of Wedlock, are Cares of Pleasure:
But whether Marriage bring Joy, or Sorrow,
Make sure of this Day, and hang to Morrow.

The Dance after the Song, and Exeunt *Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

Enter on the other side of the Stage, Oswald *and* Guillamar.

Osw. The Night has wilder'd us; and we are faln
Among their foremost Tents.
Guill. Ha! What are these!
They seem of more than Vulgar Quality.
Em. What Sounds are those? They cannot far be distant:
Where are we now, *Matilda?*
Mat. Just before your Tent:
Fear not, they must be Friends, and they approach.
Em. My *Arthur*, speak, my Love; Are you return'd
To bless your *Emmeline?*
Oswa. to Guilla. I know that Face:
'Tis my Ungrateful Fair, who, scorning mine,
Accepts my Rivals Love: Heav'n, thou'rt bounteous,
Thou ow'st me nothing now.
Mat. Fear grows upon me:
Speak what you are; speak, or I call for help.
Oswa. We are your Guards.
Mat. Ah me! We are betray'd; 'tis *Oswald*'s Voice.
Em. Let 'em not see our Voices, and then they cannot find us.
Osw. Passions in Men Oppress'd, are doubly strong.
I take her from King *Arthur*; there's Revenge:
If she can love, she buoys my sinking Fortunes:
Good Reasons both: I'll on. —— Fear nothing, Ladies,
You shall be safe. *Oswald and Guillamar seize Emmeline and Matilda.*
Em. & Matil. Help, help; a Rape, a Rape!
Oswa. By Heav'n ye injure me, tho' Force is us'd,
Your Honour shall be sacred.
Em. Help, help, O *Britons*, help!
Oswa. Your *Britons* cannot help you:

This Arm, through all their Troops, shall force my way;
Yet neither quit my Honour, nor my Prey.
Exeant, the Women still crying.

An Alarm within: Some Soldiers running over the Stage: Follow, follow, follow.

Enter Albanact *Captain of the Guards, with Soldiers.*

Alb. Which way went th' Alarm?
1 *Sol.* Here, towards the Castle.
Alb. Pox o' this Victory; the whole Camp's debauch'd:
All Drunk or Whoring: This way, follow, follow. *Exeunt.*
The Alarm renews: Clashing of Swords within for a while.

Re-enter Albanact, *Officer and Soldiers.*

Officer. How sits the Conquest on great *Arthur*'s Brow?
Alba. As when the Lover, with the King is mixt,
He puts the gain of *Britain* in a Scale,
Which weighing with the loss of *Emmeline*,
He thinks he's scarce a Saver. *Trumpet within.*
Officer. Hark! a Trumpet!
It sounds a Parley.
Alba. 'Tis from *Oswald* then,
An Eccho to King *Arthur*'s Friendly Summons,
Sent since he heard the Rape of *Emmeline*,
To ask an Interview. *Trumpet answering on the other side.*
Officer. But hark! already
Our Trumpet makes reply; and see both present.

Enter Arthur *on one side attended,* Oswald *on the other with Attendants, and* Guillamar. *They meet and salute.*

Arthur. Brave *Oswald!* We have met on Friendlier Terms,
Companions of a War, with Common Interest
Against the Bordering *Picts*: But Times are chang'd.
Osw. And I am glad that those Times are chang'd:
That we now might meet, on Terms as Friendly.

Arth. If ſo we meet not now, the fault's your own;
For you have wrong'd me much.
Oſwa. Oh you wou'd tell me,
I call'd more *Saxons* in, t' enlarge my Bounds:
If thoſe be Wrongs, the War has well redreſs'd ye.
Arth. Miſtake me not, I count not War a Wrong:
War is the Trade of Kings, that fight for Empire;
And better be a Lyon, than a Sheep.
Oſwa. In what, then, have I wrong'd ye?
Arth. In my Love.
Oſwa. Even Love's an Empire too; The Noble Soul,
Like Kings, is Covetous of ſingle Sway.
Arth. I blame ye not, for loving *Emmeline*:
But ſince the Soul is free, and Love is choice,
You ſhou'd have made a Conqueſt of her Mind,
And not have forc'd her Perſon by a Rape.
Oſwa. Whether by Force, or Stratagem, we gain;
Still Gaining is our End, in War or Love.
Her Mind's the Jewel, in her Body lock'd;
If I would gain the Gem, and want the Key,
It follows I muſt ſeize the Cabinet:
But to ſecure your fear, her Honour is untouch'd.
Arth. Was Honour ever ſafe in Brutal Hands?
So ſafe are Lambs within the Lyons Paw;
Ungrip'd and play'd with, till fierce Hunger calls,
Then Nature ſhews it ſelf; the cloſe-hid Nails
Are ſtretch'd, and open'd, to the panting Prey.
But if indeed, you are ſo Cold a Lover ——
Oſwa. Not Cold, but Honourable.
Arth. Then Reſtore her.
That done, I ſhall believe you Honourable.
Oſwa. Think'ſt thou I will forego a Victor's Right?
Arth. Say rather, of an Impious Raviſher.
That Caſtle, were it wall'd with *Adamant*,
Can hide thy Head, but till to Morrow's Dawn.
Oſwa. And ere to Morrow, I may be a God,
If *Emmeline* be kind: But kind or cruel,
I tell thee, *Arthur*, but to ſee this Day,
That Heavenly Face, tho' not to have her mine,
I would give up a hundred Years of Life,

And bid Fate cut to Morrow.

Arth. It ſoon will come, and thou repent too late;
Which to prevent, I'll bribe thee to be honeſt.
Thy Noble Head, accuſtom'd to a Crown,
Shall wear it ſtill: Nor ſhall thy Hand forget
The Sceptre's uſe: From *Medway*'s pleaſing Stream,
To *Severn*'s Roar, be thine.
In ſhort, Reſtore my Love, and ſhare my Kingdom.

Oſwa. Not, tho' you ſpread my Sway from *Thames* to *Tyber*;
Such Gifts might bribe a King, but not a Lover.

Arth. Then prithee give me back my Kingly Word,
Paſs'd for thy ſafe return; and let this Hour,
In ſingle Combat, Hand to Hand, decide
The Fate of Empire, and of *Emmeline*.

Oſwa. Not, that I fear, do I decline this Combat;
And not decline it neither, but defer:
When *Emmeline* has been my Prize as long
As ſhe was thine, I dare thee to the Duel.

Arth. I nam'd your utmoſt Term of Life; To Morrow.

Oſwa. You are not Fate.

Arth. But Fate is in this Arm.
You might have made a Merit of your Theft.

Oſwa. Ha! Theft! Your Guards can tell, I ſtole her not.

Arth. Had I been preſent———

Oſwa. Had you been preſent, ſhe had been mine more Nobly.

Arth. There lies your way.

Oſwa. My way lies where I pleaſe.
Expect (for *Oſwald*'s Magick cannot fail)
A long To Morrow, ere your Arms prevail:
Or if I fall, make Room ye bleſt above,
For one who was undone, and dy'd for Love.

Exit Oſwald and his Party.

Arth. There may be one black Minute ere To Morrow:
For who can tell, what Pow'r, and Luſt, and Charms,
May do this Night? To Arms, with ſpeed, to Arms.

Exit.

ACT

ACT III.

Enter Arthur, Conon *and* Aurelius.

Con. FUrle up our Colours, and Unbrace our Drums;
D ſlodge betimes ; and quit this fatal Coaſt.
Arth. Have we forgot to Conquer ?
Aurel. Caſt off Hope :
Th' Imbattl'd Legions of Fire, Air, and Earth,
Are banded for our Foes.
For going to diſcover, with the Dawn,
Yon Southern Hill, which promis'd to the Sight
A Riſe more eaſie to attack the Fort,
Scarce had we ſtept on the Forbidden Ground,
When the Woods ſhook, the Trees ſtood briſtling up ;
A Living Trembling Nodded through the Leaves.
Arth. Poplars, and Aſpen-Boughs, a Pannick Fright.
Conon. We thought ſo too, and doubled ſtill our pace.
But ſtrait a rumbling Sound, like bellowing Winds,
Roſe and grew loud; Confus'd with Howls of Wolves,
And Grunts of Bears; and dreadful Hiſs of Snakes ;
Shreiks more than Humane ; Globes of Hail pour'd down:
An Armed Winter, and Inverted Day.
Arth. Dreadful indeed !
Aur. Count then our Labour's loſt :
For otherway lies none, to mount the Cliff,
Unleſs we borrow Wings, and ſail thro' Air.
Arth. Now I perceive a Danger worthy me.
'Tis *Oſmond*'s Work, a Band of Hell-hir'd Slaves :
Be mine the Hazard, mine ſhall be the Fame.

Arthur is going out, but is met by Merlin, *who takes him by the Hand, and brings him back.*

Enter Merlin.

Merl. Hold, Sir, and wait Heav'ns time; th' *Attempts* too (dangerous:
There's not a Tree in that Inchanted Grove,
But numbred out, and given by tale to Fiends;
And under every Leaf a Spirit couch'd.
But by what Method to diſſolve theſe Charms,
Is yet unknown to me.
Arth. Hadſt thou been here, (for what can thwart thy Skill?)
Nor *Emmeline* had been the boaſt of *Oſwald*;
Nor I fore-warn'd, been wanting to her Guard.
Con. Her darkn'd Eyes had ſeen the Light of *Heav'n*;
That was thy promiſe too, and this the time.
Mer. Nor has my *Aid* been abſent, tho' unſeen,
With Friendly Guides in your benighted Maze:
Nor *Emmeline* ſhall longer want the Sun.
Arth. Is there an end of Woes?
Merl. There is, and ſudden.
I have employ'd a ſubtil *Airy* Spright
T' explore the paſſage, and prepare my way.
My ſelf, mean time, will view the Magick Wood,
To learn whereon depends its Force.
Con. But *Emmeline* ——
Mer. Fear not: This Vial ſhall reſtore her ſight.
Arth. Oh might I hope (and what's impoſſible
To *Merlin*'s Art) to be my ſelf the Bearer,
That with the Light of *Heav'n* ſhe may diſcern
Her Lover firſt.
Mer. 'Tis wondrous hazardous;
Yet I foreſee th' Event, 'tis fortunate.
I'll bear ye ſafe, and bring ye back unharm'd:
Then loſe not precious Time, but follow me.
Exeunt Omnes, Merlin *leading* Arthur.

Enter Philidel. *Scene, a Deep Wood.*

Phil. I left all ſafe behind;
For in the hindmoſt quarter of the Wood,
My former Lord, Grim *Oſmond*, walks the Round:

Calls

Calls o'er the Names, and Schools the tardy Sprights.
His Absence gives me more security.
At every Walk I pass'd, I drew a Spell,
So that if any Fiend, abhorring Heav'n,
There sets his Foot, it roots him to the Ground.
Now cou'd I but discover *Emmeline*,
My Task were fairly done. [*Walking about, and Prying betwixt the Trees.*]

Enter Grimbald *rushing out: He seizes* Philidel, *and binds him in a Chain.*

Grimb. O Rebel, have I caught thee!
Phil. Ah me! What hard mishap!
Grimb. What just Revenge!
Thou miscreant Elf, thou Renegado Scout,
So clean, so furbish'd, so renew'd in White,
The Livery of our Foes; I see thee through:
What mak'st thou here? Thou trim Apostate, speak.
Thou shak'st for Fear, I feel thy false Heart Pant.
Phil. Ah mighty *Grimbald*,
Who would not Fear, when seiz'd in thy strong Gripe;
But here me, Oh Renown'd, Oh worthy Fiend,
The Favourite of our Cheif.
Grimb. Away with fullsome Flattery,
The Food of Fools; thou know'st where last we met,
When but for thee, the Christians had been swallow'd
In quaking Bogs, and Living sent to Hell.
Phil. Aye, then I was seduc'd by *Merlin*'s Art,
And half persuaded by his soothing Tales,
To hope for Heav'n; as if Eternal Doom
Cou'd be Revers'd, and undecreed for me:
But I am now set Right.
Grimb. Oh still thou think'st to fly a Fool to Mark.
Phil. I fled from *Merlin*, free as Air that bore me,
T'unfold to *Osmond* all his deep Designs.
Grimb. I believe nothing, Oh thou fond Impostor,
When wert thou last in Hell? Is not thy Name
[illegible]
But since thou sag'st, [illegible] was to [illegible],

Thou

To *Osmond* sha'lt thou go; March, know thy Driver.

Phil. Kneeling. Oh spare me *Grimbald*, and I'll be thy Slave:
Tempt Hermits for thee, in their Holy Cells,
And Virgins in their Dreams.

Grimb. Canst thou, a Devil, hope to cheat a Devil?
A Spy; why that's a Name abhorr'd in Hell;
Haste forward, forward, or I'll Goad thee on,
With Iron Spurrs.

Phil. But use me kindly then:
Pull not so hard, to hurt my Airy Limbs;
I'll follow thee unforc'd; look, there's thy way.

Grimb. Ay, there's the way indeed; but for more surety
I'll keep an Eye behind: Not one Word more,
But follow decently. Grimbald *goes out, dragging* Philidel.

Phil. aside. So, catch him Spell.

Grimb. within. Oh help me, help me, *Philidel.*

Phil. Why, What's the matter?

Grimb. Oh, I am ensnar'd;
Heav'ns Birdlime wraps me round, and glues my Wings.
Lose me, and I will free thee;
Do, and I'll be thy Slave.

Phil. What, to a Spy, a Name abhorr'd in Hell?

Grimb. Do not insult, Oh, Oh, I grow to Ground;
The Fiery Net draws closer on my Limbs.

Phil. Thou shalt not have the Ease to Curse in Torments:
Be Dumb for one half Hour; so long my Charm
Can keep thee Silent, and there lie
Till *Osmond* breaks thy Chain.

Philidel *unbinds his own Fetters.*

Enter to him Merlin, *with a Vial in his Hand; and* Arthur.

Mer. Well hast thou wrought thy Safety with thy Wit,
My *Philidel*; go Meritorious on.
Me, other Work requires, to view the Wood,
And learn to make the dire Inchantments void.
Mean time attend King *Arthur* in my Room;
Shew him his Love, and with these Soveraign Drops,
Restore her Sight.

Exit Merlin *giving a Viol to* Philidel.

Phil.

Phil. *We muſt work, we muſt haſte;*
Noon-Tyde Hour, is almoſt paſt:
Sprights, that glimmer in the Sun,
Into Shades already run.
Oſmond *will be here, anon.*

Enter Emmeline *and* Matilda, *at the far end of the Wood.*

Arth. O yonder, yonder ſhe's already found:
My Soul directs my ſight, and flies before it.
Now, Gentle Spirit, uſe thy utmoſt Art;
Unſeal her Eyes; and this way lead her Steps.
Arthur *withdraws behind the Scene.*
Emmeline *and* Matilda *come forward to the Front.*

Philidel *approaches* Emmeline, *ſprinkling ſome of the Water over her Eyes, out of the Vial.*

Phil. *Thus, thus I infuſe*
Theſe Soveraign Dews.
Fly back, ye Films, that Cloud her ſight,
And you, ye Chryſtal Humours bright,
Your Noxious Vapours purg'd away,
Recover, and admit the Day.
Now caſt your Eyes abroad, and ſee
All but me.

Em. Ha! What was that? Who ſpoke?
Mat. I heard the Voice; 'tis one of *Oſmond*'s Fiends.
Em. Some bleſſed Angel ſure; I feel my Eyes
Unſeal'd, they walk abroad, and a new World
Comes ruſhing on, and ſtands all gay before me.
Mat. Oh Heavens! Oh Joy of Joys! ſhe has her ſight!
Em. I am new-born; I ſhall run mad for Pleaſure. *Staring*
Are Women ſuch as thou? Such Glorious Creatures? *(on Mat.*

Arth. aside. Oh how I envy her, to be first seen!

Em. Stand farther; let me take my fill of sight. *Looking up.*
What's that above, that weakens my new Eyes,
Makes me not see, by seeing?

Mat. 'Tis the Sun.

Em. The Sun, 'tis sure a God, if that be Heav'n:
Oh, if thou art a Creature, best and fairest,
How well art thou, from Mortals so remote,
To shine, and not to burn, by near approach!
How hast thou light'ned even my very Soul,
And let in Knowledge by another sense!
I gaze about, new-born, to Day and thee;
A Stranger yet, an Infant of the World!
Art thou not pleas'd, *Matilda?* Why, like me,
Dost thou not look and wonder?

Mat. For these Sights
Are to my Eyes familiar.

Em. That's my Joy,
Not to have seen before: For Nature now,
Comes all at once, confounding my Delight.
But ah! what Thing am I? Fain wou'd I know;
Or am I blind, or do I see but half?
With all my Care, and looking round about,
I cannot view my Face.

Mat. None see themselves
But by Reflection; in this Glass you may. *Gives her a Glass.*

Emm. taking the Glass, and looking. What's this?
It holds a Face within it: Oh sweet Face;
It draws the Mouth, and Smiles, and looks upon me;
And talks; but yet I cannot hear it Speak:
The pretty thing is Dumb.

Mat. The pretty thing
You see within the Glass, is you.

Emm. What, Am I two? Is this another me?
Indeed it wears my Cloaths, has Hands like mine;
And Mocks what e'er I do; but that I'm sure
I am a Maid, I'd swear it were my Child. Matilda *looks.*
Look my *Matilda*; We both are in the Glass,
Oh, now I know it plain; they are our Names
That peep upon us there.

Mat. Our Shadows, *Madam.* *Emm.*

Emm. Mine is a prettier Shaddow far, then thine.
I Love it; let me Kiss my to'ther Self. *Kissing the Glass,*
Alas, I've kiss'd it Dead; the fine Thing's gone; *and hugging it.*
Indeed it Kiss'd so Cold, as if 'twere Dying.
Arthur comes forward softly; shewing himself behind her.
'Tis here again.
Oh no, this Face is neither mine nor thine;
I think the Glass has Born another Child. *She turns and*
Ha! What art thou with a new kind of Face, *sees Arthur.*
And other Cloaths, a Noble Creature too;
But taller, bigger, fiercer in thy Look;
Of a Comptrolling Eye, Majestick make?
Mat. Do you not know him, Madam?
Emm. Is't a Man?
Arth. Yes, And the most unhappy of my kind,
If you have chang'd your Love.
Emm. My dearest Lord!
Was my Soul Blind; and cou'd not that look out,
To know you, e're you Spoke? Oh Counterpart
Of our soft Sex; Well are ye made our Lords;
So bold, so great, so God-like are ye form'd.
How can ye Love such Silly Things as Women?
Arth. Beauty like yours Commands; and Man was made
But a more boisterous; and a stronger Slave,
To you, the best Delights of human Kind.
Emm. But are ye mine? Is there an end of War?
Are all those Trumpets Dead themselves, at last,
That us'd to kill Men with their Thundring Sounds?
Arth. The Sum of War is undecided yet;
And many a breathing Body must be Cold,
Ere you are free.
Emm. How came ye hither then?
Arth. By *Merlin*'s Art, to snatch a short liv'd Bliss;
To feed my Famish'd Love upon your Eyes,
One Moment, and depart.
Emm. O Moment, worth—
Whole Ages past, and all that are to come!
Let Love-sick *Oswald*, now, unpitied mourn;
Let *Osmond* mutter Charms to Spirits in vain,
To make me Love him; all shall not change my Soul.

Arth. aside. Oh how I envy her, to be first seen!

Em. Stand farther; let me take my fill of sight. *Looking up.*
What's that above, that weakens my new Eyes,
Makes me not see, by seeing?

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Em. The Sun, 'tis sure a God, if that be Heav'n:
Oh, if thou art a Creature, best and fairest,
How well art thou, from Mortals so remote,
To shine, and not to burn, by near approach!
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And let in Knowledge by another sense!
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Art thou not pleas'd, *Matilda?* Why, like me,
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Not to have seen before: For Nature now,
Comes all at once, confounding my Delight.
But ah! what Thing am I? Fain wou'd I know;
Or am I blind, or do I see but half?
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I cannot view my Face.

Mat. None see themselves
But by Reflection; in this Glass you may. *Gives her a Glass.*

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Mat. The pretty thing
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Indeed it wears my Cloaths, has Hands like mine;
And Mocks what e'er I do; but that I'm sure
I am a Maid, I'd swear it were my Child. Matilda *looks.*
Look my *Matilda*; We both are in the Glass,
Oh, now I know it plain; they are our Names
That peep upon us there.

Mat. Our Shadows, *Madam.* *Exeunt.*

Emm. Mine is a prettier Shaddow far, then thine.
I Love it; let me kiss my to'ther Self. *Kissing the Glass,*
Alas, I've kiss'd it Dead; the fine Thing's gone; *(and hugging it.*
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So bold, so great, so God-like are ye form'd.
How can ye Love such lilly Things as Women?
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But a more boisterous; and a stronger Slave,
To you, the best Delights of human Kind.
Emm. But are ye mine? Is there an end of War?
Are all those Trumpets Dead themselves, at last,
That us'd to kill Men with their Thundring Sounds?
Arth. The Sum of War is undecided yet;
And many a breathing Body must be Cold,
Ere I am free.
Emm. How came ye hither then?
Arth. By *Merlin*'s Art, to snatch a short liv'd Bliss;
To feed my Famish'd Love upon your Eyes,
One Moment, and depart.
Emm. O Moment, worth—
Whole Ages past, and all that are to come!
Let Love-sick *Oswald*, now, unpitied mourn;
Let *Osmond* mutter Charms to Sprights in vain,
To make me Love him; all shall not change my Soul.

Arth. Ha! Does the Inchanter practice Hell upon you?
Is he my Rival too?

Emm. Yes, but I hate him;
For when he spoke, through my shut Eyes I saw him;
His Voice look'd ugly, and breath'd Brimstone on me:
And then I first was glad that I was Blind,
Not to behold Damnation.

Phil. This time is left me to Congratulate
Your new-born Eyes; and tell you what you gain
By sight restor'd, and viewing him you love.
Appear, you Airy Forms. *Airy Spirits appear in the Shapes of Men and Women.*

Man sings. *Oh Sight, the Mother of Desires,*
What Charming Objects dost thou yield!
'Tis sweet, when tedious Night expires,
To see the Rosie Morning guild
The Mountain-Tops, and paint the Field!
But, when Clorinda *comes in sight,*
She makes the Summers Day more bright;
And when she goes away, 'tis Night.

Chor. *When Fair* Clorinda *comes in sight,* &c.

Wom. sings. *'Tis sweet the Blushing Morn to view;*
And Plains adorn'd with Pearly Dew:
But such cheap Delights to see,
Heaven and Nature,
Give each Creature;
They have Eyes, as well as we.
This is the Joy, all Joys above,
To see, to see,
That only she,
That only she we love!

Chor. *This is the Joy, all Joys above,* &c.

Man

Man sings. *And, if we may discover,*
What Charms both Nymph and Lover,
'Tis, when the Fair at Mercy lies,
With Kind and Amorous Anguish,
To Sigh, to Look, to Languish,
On each others Eyes!

Chor. of all Men & Wom. } *And if we may discover, &c.*

Phil. Break off your Musick; for our Foes are near.

Spirits vanish.

Enter Merlin.

Merl. My Soveraign, we have hazarded too far;
But Love excuses you, and prescience me.
Make haste; for *Osmond* is even now alarm'd,
And greedy of Revenge, is hasting home.
Arth. Oh take my Love with us, or leave me here.
Merl. I cannot, for she's held by Charms too strong:
Which, with th' Inchanted Grove must be destroy'd;
Till when, my Art is vain: But fear not, *Emmeline*;
Th' Enchanter has no Pow'r on Innocence.
Em. to *Arth.* Farewel, Since we must part: When you are gone,
I'll look into my Glass, just where you look'd;
To find your Face again;
If 'tis not there, I'll think on you so long,
My Heart shall make your Picture for my Eyes.
Arth. Where-e'er I go, my Soul shall stay with thee:
'Tis but my Shadow that I take away;
True Love is never happy but by halves;
An *April* Sun-shine, that by fits appears,
It smiles by Moments, but it mourns by Years.

Exeunt Arthur *and* Merlin *at one Door.*

Enter

Arth. Ha! Does the Inchanter practice Hell upon you?
Is he my Rival too?

Emm. Yes, but I hate him;
For when he spoke, through my shut Eyes I saw him;
His Voice look'd ugly, and breath'd Brimstone on me:
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Heaven and Nature,
Give each Creature;
They have Eyes, as well as we.
This is the Joy, all Joys above,
To see, to see,
That only she,
That only she we love!

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Man ſings. *And, if we may diſcover,*
What Charms both Nymph and Lover,
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With Kind and Amorous Anguiſh,
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And greedy of Revenge, is haſting home.
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Till when, my Art is vain: But fear not, *Emmeline*;
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To find your Face again;
If 'tis not there, I'll think on you ſo long,
My Heart ſhall make your Picture for my Eyes.
Arth. Where-e'er I go, my Soul ſhall ſtay with thee:
'Tis but my Shadow that I take away;
True Love is never happy but by halves;
An *April* Sun-ſhine, that by fits appears,
It ſmiles by Moments, but it mourns by Years.

Exeunt Arthur *and* Merlin *at one Door.*

Enter

Enter Osmond *at the other Door, who gazes on* Emmeline, *and she on him.*

Emm. Matilda save me, from this ugly Thing,
This Foe to light, Speak, dost thou know him:
Matil. Too well; 'tis *Oswald*'s Friend, the great Magician.
Emm. It cannot be a Man, he's so unlike the Man I Love.
Osm. aside. Death to my Eyes, she sees!
Emm. I wish I cou'd not; but I'll close my Sight,
And shut out all I can —— It wo'not be;
Winking, I see thee still, thy odious Image
Stares full into my Soul; and there infects the Room
My *Arthur* shou'd possess.
Osm. aside. I find too late,
That *Merlin* and her Lover have been here.
If I was fir'd before, when she was Blind,
Her Eyes dart Lightning now, she must be mine.
Emm. I prithee Dreadful Thing, tell me thy Business here;
And if thou canst, Reform that odious Face;
Look not so Grim upon me.
Osm. My Name is *Osmond*, and my Business Love.
Emm. Thou hast a grizly look; forbidding what thou ask,
If I durst tell thee so.
Osm. My Pent-House Eye-Brows, and my Shaggy Beard
Offend your Sight, but these are Manly Signs;
Faint White and Red, abuse your Expectations;
Be Woman; know your Sex, and Love full Pleasures.
Emm. Love from a Monster, Fiend!
Osm. Come you must Love, or you must suffer Love;
No Coiness, None, for I am Master here.
Emm. And when did *Oswald* give away his Power,
That thou presum'st to Rule? Be sure I'll tell him;
For as I am his Prisoner, he is mine.
Osm. Why then thou art a Captive to a Captive.
O'er labour'd with the Fight, oppress with Thirst;
That *Oswald* whom you mention'd call'd for Drink:
I mix'd a Sleepy Potion in his Bowl;
Which he and his Fool Friend, quaff'd greedily,
The happy Dose wrought the desir'd effect;
Then to a Dungeons depth, I sent both Bound:

Where

Where stow'd with Snakes and Adders now they lodge;
Two Planks their Beds; Slippery with Ooze and Slime:
The Ratts brush o'er their Faces with their Tails;
And croaking Paddocks crawl upon their Limbs.
Since when the Garison depends on me;
Now know you are my Slave.

Matil. He strikes a Horrour through my Blood.

Emm. I Freeze, as if his impious Art had fix'd
My Feet to Earth.

Osm. But Love shall thaw ye.
I'll show his force in Countries cak'd with Ice,
Where the pale Pole-Star in the North of Heav'n
Sits high, and on the frory Winter broods;
Yet there Love Reigns: For proof, this Magick Wand
Shall change the Mildness of sweet *Britains* Clime
To *Yzeland*, and the farthest *Thule*'s Frost;
Where the proud God, disdaining Winters Bounds,
O'er-leaps the Fences of Eternal Snow,
And with his Warmth, supplies the distant Sun.

Osmond *strikes the Ground with his Wand: The Scene changes to a Prospect of Winter in Frozen Countries.*

Cupid *Descends.*

Cup. sings. *What ho, thou Genius of the Clime, what ho!*
Ly'st thou asleep beneath those Hills of Snow?
Stretch out thy Lazy Limbs; Awake, awake,
And Winter from thy Furry Mantle shake.

Genius *Arises.*

Genius. *WHat Power art thou, who from below,*
Hast made me Rise, unwillingly, and slow,
From Beds of Everlasting Snow!
See'st thou not how stiff, and wondrous old,
Far unfit to bear the bitter Cold,

Enter Osmond *at the other Door, who gazes on* Emmeline, *and She on him.*

Emm. *Matilda* save me, from this ugly Thing,
This Foe to sight, Speak, dost thou know him:
Matil. Too well; 'tis *Oswald*'s Friend, the great Magician.
Emm. It cannot be a Man, he's so unlike the Man I Love.
Osm. aside. Death to my Eyes, she sees!
Emm. I wish I cou'd not; but I'll close my Sight,
And shut out all I can —— It wo'not be;
Winking, I see thee still, thy odious Image
Stares full into my Soul; and there infects the Room
My *Arthur* shou'd possess.
Osm. aside. I find too late,
That *Merlin* and her Lover have been here.
If I was fir'd before, when she was Blind,
Her Eyes dart Lightning now, she must be mine.
Emm. I prithee Dreadful Thing, tell me thy Business here;
And if thou canst, Reform that odious Face;
Look not so Grim upon me.
Osm. My Name is *Osmond*, and my Business Love.
Emm. Thou hast a griezly look; forbidding what thou askt,
If I durst tell thee so.
Osm. My Pent-House Eye-Brows, and my Shaggy Beard
Offend your Sight, but these are Manly Signs;
Paint White and Red, abate your Expectations;
Be Woman; know your Sex, and Love full Pleasures.
Emm. Love from a Monster, Fiend!
Osm. Come you must Love, or you must suffer Love;
No Coiness, None, for I am Master here.
Emm. And when did *Oswald* give away his Power,
That thou presum'st to Rule? Be sure I'll tell him:
For as I am his Prisoner, he is mine.
Osm. Why then thou art a Captive to a Captive.
O'er labour'd with the Fight, oppress with Thirst;
That *Oswald* whom you mention'd call'd for Drink:
I mix'd a Sleepy Potion in his Bowl;
Which he and his Fool Friend, quaff'd greedily,
The happy Dose wrought the desir'd effect;
Then to a Dungeons depth, I sent both Bound:

Where

Where ſtow'd with Snakes and Adders now they lodge;
Two Planks their Beds; Slippery with Ooſe and Slime:
The Ratts bruſh o'er their Faces with their Tails;
And croaking Paddocks crawl upon their Limbs.
Since when the Gariſon depends on me;
Now know you are my Slave.

Matil. He ſtrikes a Horrour through my Blood.

Emm. I Freeze, as if his impious Art had fix'd
My Feet to Earth.

Oſm. But Love ſhall thaw ye.
I'll ſhow his force in Countries cak'd with Ice,
Where the pale Pole-Star in the North of Heav'n
Sits high, and on the frory Winter broods;
Yet there Love Reigns: For proof, this Magick Wand
Shall change the Mildneſs of ſweet *Britains* Clime
To *Zetland*, and the fartheſt *Thule*'s Froſt;
Where the proud God, diſdaining Winters Bounds,
O'er leaps the Fences of Eternal Snow,
And with his Warmth, ſupplies the diſtant Sun.

Oſmond *ſtrikes the Ground with his Wand: The Scene changes to a Proſpect of Winter in Frozen Countries.*

Cupid *Deſcends.*

Cup. ſings. *What ho, thou* Genius *of the Clime, what ho!*
Ly'ſt thou aſleep beneath thoſe Hills of Snow?
Stretch out thy Lazy Limbs; Awake, awake,
And Winter from thy Furry Mantle ſhake.

Genius *Ariſes.*

Genius. *WHat Power art thou, who from below,*
Haſt made me Riſe, unwillingly, and ſlow,
From Beds of Everlaſting Snow!
See'ſt thou not how ſtiff, and wondrous old,
Far unfit to bear the bitter Cold,

I can scarcely move, or draw my Breath;
Let me, let me, Freeze again to Death.

Cupid. *Thou Doting Fool, forbear, forbear;*
What, Dost thou Dream of Freezing here?
At Loves appearing, all the Skie clearing,
The Stormy Winds their Fury spare:
Winter subduing, and Spring renewing,
My Beams create a more Glorious Year.
Thou Doting Fool, forbear, forbear;
What, Dost thou Dream of Freezing here?

Genius. *Great Love, I know thee now;*
Eldest of the Gods art Thou:
Heav'n and Earth, by Thee were made.
Humane Nature,
Is Thy Creature,
Every where Thou art obey'd.

Cupid. *No part of my Dominion shall be waste,*
To spread my Sway, and sing my Praise,
Ev'n here I will a People raise,
Of kind embracing Lovers, and embrac'd.

Cupid *waves his Wand, upon which the Scene opens, and discovers a Prospect of Ice and Snow to the end of the Stage.*

Singers and Dancers, Men and Women, appears.

Man. *See, see, we assemble,*
Thy Revels to hold:
Though quiv'ring with Cold,
We Chatter and Tremble.

Cupid. *'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I, that have warm'd ye;*
In ſpight of Cold Weather,
I've brought ye together:
'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I, that have arm'd ye.

Chor. *'Tis Love, 'tis Love, 'tis Love that has warm'd us;*
In ſpight of Cold Weather,
He brought us together:
'Tis Love, 'tis Love, 'tis Love that has arm'd us.

Cupid. *Sound a Parley, ye Fair, and ſurrender;*
Set your ſelves, and your Lovers at eaſe;
He's a Grateful Offender
Who Pleaſure dare ſeize:
But the Whining Pretender
Is ſure to diſpleaſe.

2.

Since the Fruit of Deſire is poſſeſſing,
'Tis Unmanly to Sigh and Complain;
When we Kneel for Redreſſing,
We move your Diſdain:
Love was made for a Bleſſing,
And not for a Pain.

A Dance; after which the Singers and Dancers depart.

Emm. I cou'd be pleas'd with any one but thee,
Who entertain'd my ſight with ſuch Gay Shows,
As Men and Women moving here and there;
That Courſing one another in their Steps,
Have made their Feet a Tune.

Osmo. What, Coying it again!
No more; but make me happy to my Gust,
That is, without your struggling.

Emm. From my sight,
Thou all thy Devils in one, thou dar'st not force me.

Osmo. You teach me well, I find you wou'd be Ravish'd;
I'll give you that excuse your Sex desires.

He begins to lay hold on her, and they struggle.

Grimb. within. O help me, Master, help me!

Osmo. Who's that, my *Grimbald!* Come and help thou me:
For 'tis thy Work t'assist a Ravisher.

Grimb. within. I cannot stir; I am Spell-caught by *Philidel*,
And purs'd within a Net. With a huge heavy weight of Holy Words,
Laid on my Head, that keeps me down from rising

Osmo. I'll read 'em backwards, and release thy Bonds:
Mean time go in: — *To Emmeline.*
Prepare your self, and ease my Drudgery:
But if you will not fairly be enjoy'd,
A little honest Force, is well employ'd. *Exit Osmond.*

Emm. Heav'n be my Guard, I have no other Friend!
Heav'n ever present to thy Suppliants Aid,
Protect and pity Innocence betray'd.

Exeunt Emmeline *and* Matilda.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Oſmond Solus.

NOw I am ſettled in my Force-full Sway;
Why then, I'll be Luxurious in my Love;
Take my full Guſt, and ſetting Forms aſide,
I'll bid the Slave, that fires my Blood, lie down.
Seems to be going off.

Enter Grimbald, *who meets him.*

Grim. Not ſo faſt, Maſter, Danger threatens thee:
There's a black Cloud, deſcending from above,
Full of Heavens Venom, burſting o'er thy Head.
Oſmo. Malicious Fiend, thou ly'ſt: For I am fenc'd
By Millions of thy Fellows, in my Grove:
I bad thee, when I freed thee from the Charm,
Run ſcouting through the Wood, from Tree to Tree,
And look if all my Devils were on Duty:
Hadſt thou perform'd thy Charge, thou tardy Spright,
Thou wouldſt have known no Danger threatn'd me.
Grim. When did a Devil fail in Diligence?
Poor Mortal, thou thy ſelf art overſeen;
I have been there, and thence I bring this News.
Thy Fatal Foe, great *Arthur*, is at hand;
Merlin has ta'en his time while thou wert abſent,
T' obſerve thy Characters, their Force, and Nature,
And Counterwork thy Spells.
Oſmo. The Devil take *Merlin*;
I'll caſt 'em all anew, and inſtantly,
All of another Mould; be thou at hand.
Their Compoſition was, before, of Horror;
Now they ſhall be of Blandiſhment, and Love;

Osmo. What, Coying it again!
No more; but make me happy to my Guſt,
That is, without your ſtruggling.
Emm. From my ſight,
Thou all thy Devils in one, thou dar'ſt not force me.
Osmo. You teach me well, I find you wou'd be Raviſh'd;
I'll give you that excuſe your Sex deſires.

He begins to lay hold on her, and they ſtruggle.

Grimb. within. O help me, Maſter, help me!
Osmo. Who's that, my *Grimbald!* Come and help thou me:
For 'tis thy Work t'aſſiſt a Raviſher.
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Mean time go in: — *To Emmeline.*
Prepare your ſelf, and eaſe my Drudgery:
But if you will not fairly be enjoy'd,
A little honeſt Force, is well employ'd. *Exit Osmond.*
Emm. Heav'n be my Guard, I have no other Friend!
Heav'n ever preſent to thy Suppliants Aid,
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And Counterwork thy Spells.
Oſmo. The Devil take *Merlin*;
I'll caſt 'em all anew, and inſtantly,
All of another Mould; be thou at hand.
Their Compoſition was, before, of Horror;
Now they ſhall be of Blandiſhment, and Love;

Seducing Hopes, ſoft Pity, tender Moans:
Art ſhall meet *Art*; and, when they think to win,
The Fools ſhall find their Labour to begin.

Exeunt Oſm. *and* Grimb.

Enter Arthur, *and* Merlin *at another Door.*

Scene of the Wood continues.

Merl. Thus far it is permitted me to go;
But all beyond this Spot, is fenc'd with Charms;
I may no more; but only with advice.
Arth. My Sword ſhall do the reſt.
Merl. Remember well, that all is but Illuſion;
Go on; good Stars attend thee.
Arth. Doubt me not.
Merl. Yet in prevention
Of what may come, I'll leave my *Philidel*
To watch thy Steps, and with him leave my Wand;
The touch of which, no Earthy Fiend can bear,
In whate'er Shape transform'd, but muſt lay down
His borrow'd Figure, and confeſs the Devil.
Once more Farewel, and proſper. *Exit Merlin.*
Arth. walking. No Danger yet, I ſee no Walls of Fire,
No City of the Fiends, with Forms obſcene,
To grin from far, on Flaming Battlements.
This is indeed the Grove I ſhou'd deſtroy;
But where's the Horrour? Sure the Prophet err'd.
Hark! Muſick, and the warbling Notes of Birds;

Soft Muſick.

Hell entertains me, like ſome welcom Gueſt.
More Wonders yet; yet all delightful too,
A Silver Current to forbid my paſſage,
And yet to invite me, ſtands a Golden Bridge:
Perhaps a Trap, for my Unwary Feet
To ſink, and whelm me underneath the Waves;
With Fire or Water, let him wage his War,
Or all the Elements at once; I'll on.

As he is going to the Bridge, two Syrens ariſe from the Water; They ſhew themſelves to the Waiſt of the

1 Syren. *O paſs not on, but ſtay,*
And waſte the Joyous Day
With us in gentle Play:
Unbend to Love, unbend thee:
O lay thy Sword aſide,
And other Arms provide;
For other Wars *attend thee,*
And ſweeter to be try'd.

Chor. *For other* Wars, &c.

Both ſing. *Two Daughters of this Aged Stream are we;*
And both our Sea-green Locks have comb'd for thee;
Come Bathe with us an Hour or two,
Come Naked in, for we are ſo;
What Danger from a Naked Foe?
Come Bathe with us, come Bathe, and ſhare,
With Pleaſures in the Floods appear;
We'll beat the Waters *till they bound,*
And Circle, round, around, around,
And Circle round, around.

Arth. A Lazie Pleaſure trickles through my Veins;
Here cou'd I ſtay, and well be Couzen'd here.
But Honour calls; Is Honour in ſuch haſte?
Can he not Bait at ſuch a pleaſing Inn?
No; for the more I look, the more I long;
Farewel, ye Fair Illuſions, I muſt leave ye,
While I have Power to ſay, that I muſt leave ye.
Farewel, with half my Soul I ſtagger off;
How dear this flying Victory has coſt,
When, if I ſtay to ſtruggle, I am loſt.

As he is going forward, Nymphs *and* Sylvans *come out from behind the Trees. Baſe and two Trebles ſing the following Song to a* Minuet.

Dance with the Song, all with Branches in their Hands.

Song. *How happy the Lover,*
How easie his Chain,
How pleasing his Pain?
How sweet to discover!
He sighs not in vain.
For Love every Creature
Is form'd by his Nature;
No Joys are above
The Pleasures of Love.

The Dance continues with the same Measure play'd alone.

2.

In vain are our Graces,
In vain are your Eyes,
If Love you despise;
When Age furrows Faces,
'Tis time to be wise.
Then use the short Blessing,
That Flies in Possessing:
No Joys are above
The Pleasures of Love.

Arth. And what are these Fantastick Fairy Joys,
To Love like mine? False Joys, false Welcomes all.
Begone, ye *Sylvan* Trippers of the Green;
Fly after Night, and overtake the Moon. *Here the Dancers, (Singers and Syrens vanish.*
This goodly Tree seems Queen of all the Grove.
The Ringlets round her Trunk declare her guilty
Of many Midnight-Sabbaths Revell'd here.
Her will I first attempt. *Arthur strikes at the Tree, and cuts it; Blood spouts out of it, a Groan follows, then a Shreik.*
Good Heav'ns, what Monstrous Prodigies are these!

Blood

Blood follows from my blow; the wounded Rind
Spouts on my Sword, and Sanguine dyes the Plain.
He ſtrikes again: A Voice of Emmeline *from behind.*
Em. from behind. Forbear, if thou haſt Pity, ah, forbear!
Theſe Groans proceed not from a Senceleſs Plant,
No Spouts of Blood run welling from a Tree.
Arth. Speak what thou art; I charge thee ſpeak thy Being;
Thou that haſt made my curdl'd Blood run back,
My Heart heave up; my Hair to riſe in Briſtles,
And ſcarcely left a Voice to ask thy Name.
Emmeline *breaks out of the Tree ſhewing her Arm Bloody.*
Emm. Whom thou haſt hurt, Unkind and Cruel ſee;
Look on this Blood, 'tis fatal, ſtill, to me
To bear thy Wounds, my Heart has felt 'em firſt.
Arth. 'Tis ſhe; Amazement roots me to the Groun!!
Emm. By cruel Charms, dragg'd from my peaceful Bower,
Fierce *Oſmond* cloſs'd me in this bleeding Bark;
And bid me ſtand expos'd to the bleak Winds,
And Winter Storms; and Heav'ns Inclemency,
Bound to the Fate of this Hell-haunted Grove;
So that whatever Sword, or ſounding Axe,
Shall violate this Plant, muſt pierce my Fleſh,
And when that falls, I dye.———
Arth. If this be true,
O never, never, to be ended Charm,
At leaſt by me; yet all may be Illuſion.
Break up, ye thickning Foggs, and filmy Miſts,
All that be-lye my Sight, and cheat my Senſe.
For Reaſon ſtill pronounces, 'tis not ſhe,
And thus reſolv'd--- *Lifts up his Sword, as going to ſtrike.*
Emm. Do, ſtrike *Barbarian*, ſtrike;
And ſtrew my mangl'd Limbs, with every ſtroke
Wound me, and double Kill me, with Unkindneſs,
That by thy Hand I fell.
Arth. What ſhall I do, ye Powers?
Emm. Lay down thy Vengeful Sword; 'tis fatal here:
What need of Arms, where no Defence is made?
A Love-Sick Virgin, panting with Deſire
No Conſcious Eye t'intrude on our Delights:

For

For this thou hast the *Syren*'s Songs despis'd;
For this, thy Faithful Passion I Reward;
Haste then, to take me longing to thy Arms.

Arth. O Love! O *Merlin*! Whom should I believe?

Emm. Believe thy Self, thy Youth, thy Love, and me;
They only, they, who please themselves are Wise:
Disarm thy Hand, that mine may meet it bare.

Arth. By thy leave, Reason, here I throw thee off,
Thou load of Life: If thou wert made for Souls,
Then Souls shou'd have been made without their Bodies.
If, falling for the first Created Fair,
Was *Adam*'s Fault, great Grandsire I forgive thee,
Eden was lost, as all thy Sons wou'd loose it.

Going towards Emmeline, *and pulling off his Gantlet.*

Enter Philidel *running.*

Phil. Hold, poor deluded Mortal, hold thy Hand;
Which if thou giv'st, is plighted to a Feind.
For Proof, behold the Virtue of this Wand;
Th' Infernal Paint shall vanish from her Face,
And Hell shall stand Reveal'd.

Strikes Emmeline *with a Wand, who straight descends:* Philidel *runs to the Descent, and pulls up* Grimbald, *and binds him.*

Now see to whose Embraces thou wert falling.
Behold the Maiden Modesty of *Grimbald*,
The grossest, earthiest, ugliest Fiend in Hell.

Arth. Horrour seizes me,
To think what Headlong Ruine I have tempted.

Phil. Haste to thy Work; a Noble stroke or two
Ends all the Charms, and disenchants the Grove.
I'll hold thy Mistress bound.

Arth. Then here's for Earnest;

Strikes twice or thrice, and the Tree falls, or sinks: A Peal of Thunder immediately follows, with dreadful Howlings.

'Tis finish'd, and the Dusk that yet remains,

Is but the Native Horrour of the Wood.
But I muſt loſe no time; the Paſs is free;
Th' unrooſted Fiends have quitted this Abode;
On yon proud Towers, before the day be done,
My glittering Banners ſhall be wav'd againſt the ſetting Sun.
(*Exit* Arthur.

Phil. Come on my ſurly Slave; come ſtalk along,
And ſtamp a mad-Mans pace, and drag thy Chain.

Grimb. I'll Champ and Foam upon't, till the blue Venom
Work upward to thy Hands, and looſe their hold.

Phil. Know'ſt thou this powerful Wand; 'tis lifted up;
A ſecond ſtroke wou'd ſend thee to the Centre,
Benum'd and Dead, as far as Souls can Die.

Grim. I wou'd thou woud'ſt, to rid me of my Senſe:
I ſhall be whoop'd through Hell at my return,
Inglorious from the Miſchief I deſign'd.

Phil. And therefore ſince thou loath'ſt Etherial Light,
The Morning Sun ſhall beat on thy black Brows;
The Breath thou draw'ſt ſhall be of upper Air,
Hoſtile to thee; and to thy Earthy make,
So light, ſo thin, that thou ſha't Starve, for want
Of thy groſs Food, till gaſping thou ſhalt lie,
And blow it back, all Sooty to the Sky.
Exit Philidel, *dragging* Grimbald *after him.*

ACT V.

Enter Osmond *as affrighted.*

Osm. GRimbald made Prisoner, and my Grove destroy'd!
Now what can save me —— Hark the Drums and Trumpets! *Drums and Trumpets within.*
Arthur is marching onward to the Fort,
I have but one Recourse, and that's to *Oswald*;
But will he Fight for me, whom I have injur'd?
No, not for me, but for himself he must;
I'll urge him with the last Necessity;
Better give up my Mistress than my Life.
His force is much unequal to his Rival;
True; ——But I'll help him with my utmost Art,
And try t' unravel Fate. *Exit* Osmond.

Enter Arthur, Conon, Aurelius, Albanact, *and Soldiers.*

Con. Now there remains but this one Labour more;
And if we have the Hearts of true Born *Britains*,
The forcing of that Castle Crowns the Day.
Aurel. The Works are weak, the Garison but thin,
Dispirited with frequent Overthrows,
Already wavering on their ill mann'd Walls.
Alban. They shift their places oft, and sculk from War,
Sure Signs of pale Despair, and easie Rout;
It shews they place their Confidence in Magick,
And when their Devils fail, their Hearts are Dead.
Arth. Then, where you see 'em clust'ring most, in Motion,
And staggering in their Ranks, there press 'em home;
For that's a Coward heap—— How's this, a Sally?

Enter

Enter Oſwald, Guillamar, *and Soldiers on the other ſide.*

Beyond my Hopes, to meet 'em on the ſquare.
Oſw. advancing. Brave *Britains* hold; and thou their famous Chief
Attend what *Saxon Oſwald* will propoſe.
He owns your Victory; but whether owing
To Valour, or to Fortune, that he doubts.
If *Arthur* dares aſcribe it to the firſt,
And ſingl'd from a Crowd, will tempt a Conqueſt,
This *Oſwald* Offers, let our Troops retire,
And Hand to Hand, let us decide our Striſe:
This if Refus'd, bear Witneſs Earth and Heaven,
Thou ſteal'ſt a Crown and Miſtreſs undeſerv'd.
Arth. I'll not Uſurp thy Title of a Robber,
Nor will upbraid thee, that before I proffer'd
This ſingle Combat, which thou didſt avoid;
So glad I am, on any Terms to meet thee,
And not diſcourage thy Repenting ſhame;
As once *Eneas* my Fam'd Anceſtor,
Betwixt the *Trojan* and *Rutilian* Bands,
Fought for a Crown, and bright *Lavinia*'s Bed,
So will I meet thee, Hand to Hand oppos'd:
My Auguring Mind, aſſures the ſame Succeſs.
To his Men. Hence out of view; If I am Slain, or yield,
Renounce me Britains for a Recreant Knight,
And let the Saxon peacefully enjoy
His former footing in our famous Iſle.
To Ratifie theſe Terms, I ſwear ——
Oſw. You need not;
Your Honour is of Force, without your Oath.
I only add, that if I fall, or yeild,
Yours be the Crown, and *Emmeline.*
Arth. That's two Crowns.
No more; we keep the looking Heav'ns and Sun
Too long in Expectation of our Arms.
Both Armies go clear off the Stage.

They Fight with Spunges in their Hands, dipt in Blood; after some equal Passes and Closeing, they appear both Wounded: Arthur *Stumbles among the Trees,* Oswald *falls over him, they both Rise;* Arthur *Wounds him again, then* Oswald *Retreats. Enter* Osmond *from among the Trees, and with his Wand, strikes* Arthur's *Sword out of his Hand, and* Exit. Oswald *pursues* Arthur. Merlin *enters, and gives* Arthur *his Sword, and* Exit, *they close, and* Arthur *in the fall, disarms* Oswald.

Arth. Confess thy self o'ercome, and ask thy Life.
Oswa. 'Tis not worth asking, when 'tis in thy Power.
Arth. Then take it as my Gift.
Oswa. *A* wretched Gift,
With loss of Empire, Liberty, and Love.
A Consort of Trumpets within, proclaiming Arthur's *Victory, while they Sound,* Arthur *and* Oswal. *seem to Confer.*
'Tis too much Bounty to a vanquish'd Foe;
Yet not enough to make me Fortunate.
Arth. Thy Life, thy Liberty, thy Honour Safe,
Lead back thy Saxons to their *Antient* Elb:
I wou'd Restore thee fruitful *Kent*, the Gift
Of *Vortigern* for *Hengist*'s ill bought aid,
But that my *Britain*'s brook no Foreign Power,
To Lord it in a Land, Sacred to Freedom;
And of its Rights, Tenacious to the last.
Osw. Nor more then thou hast offer'd wou'd I take.
I would Refuse all *Britain*, held in Homage;
And own no other Masters but the Gods.

Enter on one side; Merlin, Emmeline, *and* Matilda, Conon, Aurelius, Albanact, *with British Soldiers, bearing King* Arthur's *Standard display'd.*
On the other side, Guillamar *and* Osmond, *with Saxon Soldiers, dragging their Colours on the Ground.*

Art. going to Emm. and embracing her.
At length, at length, I have thee in my Arms;
Tho' our Malevolent Stars have strugled hard,
And held us long asunder.

Emm. We are so fitted for each other Hearts,
That Heav'n had err'd, in making of a third,
To get betwixt, and intercept our Loves.
Osw. Were there but this, this only sight to see,
The price of *Britain* shou'd not buy my stay.
Merl. Take hence that Monster of Ingratitude,
Him, who betray'd his Master, bear him hence,
And in that loathsom Dungeon plunge him deep,
Where he plung'd Noble *Oswald.*
Osm. That indeed is fittest for me,
For there I shall be near my Kindred Fiends, *(off.*
And spare my *Grimbald*'s Pains to bear me to 'em. *Is carried*
Mer. to Arth. For this Days Palm, and for thy former Acts,
Thy *Britain* freed, and Foreign Force expell'd,
Thou, *Arthur*, hast acquir'd a future Fame,
And of three Christian Worthies, art the first:
And now at once, to treat thy Sight and Soul,
Behold what Rouling Ages shall produce:
The Wealth, the Loves, the Glories of our Isle,
Which yet like Golden Oar, Unripe in Beds,
Expect the Warm Indulgency of Heav'n
To call 'em forth to Light——— (umphs;
To Osw. Nor thou, brave Saxon Prince, disdain our Tri-
Britains and Saxons shall be once one People;
One Common Tongue, one Common Faith shall bind
Our Jarring Bands, in a perpetual Peace.

Merlin *waves his Wand; the Scene changes, and discovers the British Ocean in a Storm.* Æolus *in a Cloud above: Four Winds hanging,* &c.

Æolus singing. } *Ye Blust'ring Brethren of the Skies,*
Whose Breath has ruffl'd all the Watry Plain,
Retire, and let Britannia *Rise,*
In Triumph o'er the Main.
Serene and Calm, and void of fear,
The Queen of Islands must appear:
Serene and Calm, as when the Spring
The New-Created World began,

And

And Birds on Boughs did ſoftly ſing,
Their Peaceful Homage paid to Man,
While Eurus *did his Blaſts forbear,*
In favour of the Tender Year.
Retreat, Rude Winds, Retreat,
To Hollow Rocks, your Stormy Seat;
There ſwell your Lungs, and vainly, vainly threat.

Æolus *aſcends, and the four Winds fly off. The Scene opens, and diſcovers a calm Sea, to the end of the Houſe. An* Iſland *ariſes, to a ſoft Tune;* Britannia *ſeated in the* Iſland, *with Fiſhermen at her Feet,* &c. *The Tune changes; the Fiſhermen come aſhore, and Dance a while; After which,* Pan *and a* Nereide *come on the Stage, and ſing.*

Pan *and* Nereide *Sings.*

Round thy Coaſts, Fair Nymph of Britain,
For thy Guard our Waters flow:
Proteus *all his Herd admitting,*
On thy Greens to Graze below.
Foreign Lands thy Fiſhes Taſting,
Learn from thee Luxurious Faſting.

Song of three Parts.

For Folded Flocks, on Fruitful Plains,
The Shepherds and the Farmers Gains,
Fair Britain *all the World outwyes;*
And Pan, *as in* Arcadia *Reigns,*
Where Pleaſure mixt with Profit lyes.

2.

Though Jaſons *Office was Fam'd of old,*
The Britiſh *Wool is growing Gold;*

No Mines can more of VVealth supply:
It keeps the Peasant from the Cold,
And takes for Kings the Tyrian *Dye.*

The last *Stanza* sung over again betwixt *Pan* and the *Nereide.* After which the former Dance is varied, and goes on.

Enter Comus *with three Peasants, who sing the following Song in Parts.*

Com. *YOur Hay it is Mow'd, & your Corn is Reap'd;*
Your Barns will be full, and your Hovels (heap'd:
Come, my Boys, come;
Come, my Boys, come;
And merrily Roar out Harvest Home;
Harvest Home,
Harvest Home;
And merrily Roar out Harvest Home.
Chorus. *Come, my Boys, come,* &c.

1 Man. *VVe ha' cheated the* Parson, *we'll cheat him agen;*
For why shou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?
One in Ten,
One in Ten,
For why shou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?
Chorus. *One in Ten,*
One in Ten;
For why shou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?

2. *For Prating so long like a Book-learn'd Sot,*
Till Pudding and Dumplin burn to Pot;
Burn to Pot,
Burn to Pot;
Till Pudding and Dumplin burn to Pot.
Chorus. *Burn to Pot,* &c.

3. *We'll*

3. *We'll toss off our Ale till we canno' stand,*
And Hoigh for the Honour of Old England:
Old England,
Old England;
And Hoigh for the Honour of Old England.
Chorus. *Old* England, &c.

The Dance vary'd into a round Country-Dance.

Enter Venus.

Venus. *Faireſt Iſle, all Iſles Excelling,*
Seat of Pleaſures, and of Loves;
Venus *here, will chuſe her Dwelling,*
And forſake her Cyprian *Groves.*

2.

Cupid, *from his Fav'rite Nation,*
Care and Envy will Remove;
Jealouſie, that poyſons Paſſion,
And Deſpair that dies for Love.

3.

Gentle Murmurs, ſweet Complaining,
Sighs that blow the Fire of Love;
Soft Repulſes, kind Diſdaining,
Shall be all the Pains you prove.

4

Every Swain ſhall pay his Duty,
Grateful every Nymph ſhall prove;
And as theſe Excel in Beauty,
Thoſe ſhall be Renown'd for Love.

SONG

SONG by Mr. *HOWE.*

1.

She. *YOu say, 'Tis Love Creates the Pain,*
Of which so sadly you Complain;
And yet wou'd fain Engage my Heart
In that uneasie cruel part:
But how, Alas! think you, that I,
Can bear the Wound of which you die.

2.

He. *'Tis not my Passion makes my Care,*
But your Indifference gives Despair:
The Lusty Sun begets no Spring,
Till Gentle Show'rs Assistance bring:
So Love that Scorches, and Destroys,
Till Kindness Aids, can cause no Joys.

3.

She. *Love has a Thousand Ways to please,*
But more to rob us of our Ease:
For Wakeful Nights, and Careful Days,
Some Hours of Pleasure he repays;
But Absence soon, or Jealous Fears,
O'erflow the Joys with Floods of Tears.

4.

He. *By vain and senseless Forms betray'd,*
Harmless Love's th' Offender made;
While we no other Pains endure,
Than those, that we our selves procure:
But one soft Moment makes Amends
For all the Torment that attends.

5.

Chorus of Both.

Let us love, let us love, and to Happiness haste;
Age and Wisdom come too fast:
Youth for Loving was design'd.
He alone. *I'll be constant, you be kind.*
She alone. *You be constant, I'll be kind.*
Both. *Heav'n can give no greater Blessing*
Than faithful Love, and kind Possessing.

After the Dialogue, a Warlike Consort: The Scene opens above, and discovers the Order of the Garter.

Enter Honour, *Attended by* Hero's.

Merl. These who last enter'd, are our Valiant *Britains*,
Who shall by Sea and Land Repel our Foes.
Now look above, and in Heav'ns High Abyss,
Behold what Fame attends those future Hero's.
Honour, who leads 'em to that Steepy Height,
In her Immortal Song, shall tell the rest.

(Honour ſings.)

1.

Hon. *St.* **George,** *the Patron of our Iſle,*
A Soldier, and a Saint,
On that Auſpicious Order ſmile,
Which Love and Arms will plant.

2.

Our Natives not alone appear
To Court this Martiall Prize;
But Foreign Kings, Adopted here,
Their Crowns at Home deſpiſe.

3.

Our Soveraign High, in Aweful State,
His Honours ſhall beſtow;
And ſee his Sceptr'd Subjects wait
On his Commands below.

A full Chorus of the whole Song: After which the Grand Dance.

Arth. to Merl. Wiſely you have, whate'er will pleaſe, re-
What wou'd diſpleaſe, as wiſely have conceal'd: (veal'd,
Triumphs of War and Peace, at full ye ſhow,
But ſwiftly turn the Pages of our Wo.
Reſt we contented with our preſent State;
'Tis Anxious to enquire of future Fate.
That Race of Hero's is enough alone
For all unſeen Diſaſters to atone.
Let us make haſte betimes to Reap our ſhare,
And not Reſign them all the Praiſe of War.
But ſet th' Example; and their Souls Inflame,
To Copy out their Great Foreſathers Fame.

FINIS.